But O poore *Gloſter* loſt he his other eye? (anſwer,
Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a ſpeedy
Tis from your ſiſter. *Gon.* One way I like this well,
But being widow and my *Gloſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life; another way the newes is not ſo tooke:
Ile reade and anſwer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did take his eyes.
Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.
Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickednesſe?
Gent. I my good Lord, twas he informd againſt him,
And quit the houſe on purpoſe that there puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe. (King,
Alb. *Gloſter* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou ſhewedſt the
And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. *Exit.*

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe, know you no reaſon?
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome So much feare and danger, that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſarie.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General?
Gent. The Marſhall of *France* Monſier *la Far.* (of griefe?
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonſtratiõ
Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemed ſhe was a queene ouer her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.
Kent. O then it moued her. ſhoure
Gent. Not to a rage; patience, and ſorow ~~ſtreme~~,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt: you haue ſeene,
Sun ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way; thoſe happie ſmilets,
That playd on her ripe lip ſeeme not to know,
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence

As

As pearles from diamonds dropt:
Sorow would be a raritie moſt be
If all could ſo become it.
Kent. Made ſhe no verball que
Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe h
Pantingly forth as if it preſt her h
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Lad
Kent, father, ſiſters, what ith ſtor
Let pitie not be beleeft; there ſh
The holy water from her heauen
And clamour moyſtened her; the
To deale with griefe alone.
Kent. It is the ſtars, the ſtars ab
Elſe one ſelfe mate and make cou
Such different iſſues; you ſpoke
Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this
Gent. No, ſince.
Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtr
Who ſome time in his better tune
What we are come about, and by
Gent. Why good ſir?
Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhame ſo
That ſtript her from his benedict
To forraine caſualties, gaue her d
To his dog-harted daughters; th
So venomouſly that burning ſha
Gent. Alack poore Gentlema
Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornew*
Gent. Tis ſo they are a foote.
Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you
And leaue you to attend him, ſom
Will in concealement wrap me
When I am knowne aright you
Lending me this acquaintance;

Enter Cordelia, Doctor and

Cor. Alack tis he, why he was
As mad as the vent ſea ſinging a
Crownd with ranke femiter and

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